

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. A. BORTON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Post Office Block, dwelling on East Side
South Michigan Street,
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

Dr. J. M. JENNINGS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office with
Dr. N. Shuman over Lumber Store, on
Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence
on Center street, opposite Catholic church.
his wife

AMASA JOHNSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given
to collections, settlement of decedents' estates
and guardianships, deeds, mortgages, and other con-
tracts drawn up and acknowledgments taken.

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Prompt attention given to all claims and col-
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A collection and conveying a special-
ity. Buys and sells real estate on commis-
sion. Insures lives and property in A. I. com-
panies. Desirable real estate for sale in the
city and adjoining. Nov-15

DR. I. BOWER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Will be
pleased to receive patients at his office,
No. 41 Michigan street, where he may be
found at all times, except when professional
duties prevent, his residence being at the same
place.
July 25, 1878. 412

J. O. S. D. & J. W. PARKS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Notaries Public and
Authorized War Claim Agents; Offices at
Bourbon and Plymouth, Indiana. Especial
attention given to the settlement of decedents'
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promptly to all professional business con-
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adjoining counties. Plymouth office on Gano
street between Michigan and Center streets,
Bourbon office over Morris' printing office, and
July 25, 1878. 412

G. R. CHANEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Practices in all the
courts in the state. Office in Wheeler's block,
over Becker & Wolf's dry goods store, Plymouth,
Ind. July 25, 1878. 412

WILLIAM B. HESS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Plymouth, Ind. July 25, 1878. 412

JOHN S. BENDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
SALCOCK BLOCK, - - - - - PLYMOUTH, IND.
Special attention given to the settlement of es-
tates, partitions of lands, also the collection of
claims and foreclosure of mortgages. Remuneration
prompt. 1

A. C. & A. S. CAPRON,
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DR. J. M. CONFER,
Offers his
Professional Services
At the same office,
Over P. A. Chapman's Drug Store
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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Fine Boots and Shoemakers.
From the best stock to be obtained, guarantee an
easy fit, and charges reasonable rates.
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Neatly done on short notice. Satisfaction given in
all respects. House No. 3, Fourth block
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WAGONS & BUGGIES
Wagons and Buggies for Sale Cheap at
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MAX RUGE'S!
You can buy a New,
HOME MANUFACTURED
WAGONS for \$50!
Call and see them.

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F. M. BURKET,
Dentist, Office over
S. Becker's Store,
opposite Post Office.
All work warranted
to give entire satis-
faction in every re-
spect. Diseases of
the mouth and teeth
successfully treated.
Teeth extracted
without pain by the
use of nitrous oxide
gas. Consultation free. All work warranted. I
am in
Bourbon Tuesday and Wednesday of Each Week.

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Office over Parks Bros' Law
Office, Gano Street.
Plymouth, Ind.

DR. A. C. HUME,
DENTIST!
Office in Second story, Post Office Building
Teeth from one only, to a
full set, so cheap that the
rich and poor can all
GET THEM.
Preservation of the Natural Teeth
A SPECIALTY.

YOUNG MEN,
Apply to a clerk in this newspaper for full
information (free of charge) in the Great Mercantile
College, Room 4, Iowa, on the Mississippi. Book-
keepers, Penmen, Reporters, operators and Teach-
ers thoroughly fitted. Don't fail to address
J. W. Siders & Co., Editors, Leokake, Iowa.

The Plymouth Republican.

VOLUME 23.

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NUMBER 32.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business cards, 5 line, \$4, per year.
Special rates given to regular advertisers.
Legal advertisements as regulated by law.
Home and transient advertising made known on
application.
Church and society announcements, marriage
and death notices, in 6c.
Local notices, in 5c. per line, 10 cents per line, first
insertion; second insertion 5 cents.
Job printing on the most favorable terms.

Shadow-Evidence.

BY MARY HAYES BODINE.
Swift o'er the sunny grass,
I saw a shadow pass;
So quick, so full of life,
With thrilling joy so rife,
I knew not, unknown,
My step—'twas it was down—
Had done its harm.

Why look up to the pine?
The bird was gone, I knew,
The slight, impetuous thing,
Stealthy, and even of wing,
Intent on a goal unknown,
Had fled its course alone,
In silent flight.

Dear little bird, and fleet,
Flinging down at my feet
More sure am I of thee
Than of the things I see,
Than of some things felt and known
And guarded as my own
—Midsummer Holiday Scribbler.

HOW HE CONQUERED.

Bronson Alcott, of Boston, once
told Joseph Cook, and Joseph Cook
told everybody he met, that he made
it a regulation in his school that if a
pupil violated a rule, "the master
should substitute his own voluntary
sacrificial chastisement for that pu-
pil's punishment, and this regulation
almost Christianized his school."

"One day," Mr. Alcott said, "I
called up before me a pupil who had
violated an important rule. All the
school was looking on, and knew the
rule and the penalty. I put the ruler
into the offender's hand; I extended
my own hand; I told him to strike.
Instantly I saw a struggle begin in
his face. A new light sprang up in
his countenance. A new set of shut-
tles seemed to be weaving a new wa-
ter within him. I kept my hand ex-
tended, and the school was in tears.
The boy struck once, and burst into
tears. He seemed to be in a bath of
fire which was giving him a new na-
ture. He seemed transformed by the
idea that I should suffer chastisement
in place of his punishment, and ever
after was the most docile pupil in the
school, though he had at first been the
rudest."

Now this is very affecting and rea-
sonable and striking. No one can
read the incident and very readily
forget it; and it contains a lesson
that every school teacher can cer-
tainly read with profit. The incident
came to the knowledge of Mr. Willis
K. Stoddard, who for some years past
has been teaching a district school in
Plymouth township in Iowa. He re-
ad this extra from one of Joseph
Cook's lectures, and never forgot the
great moral it conveyed. And, in-
deed, he privately informed a clergy-
man who called upon him during a
critical period in his career, and with
whom he was very intimate, and he
didn't think he ever would forget it.
Young Mr. Stoddard had some pretty
hard boys in his school. They were
big and noisy, and rough, and turbu-
lent. He had reasoned with them; he
had expostulated; he had begged and
wept. He had whipped them until
his arms ached, and the directors had
threatened to dismiss him for unne-
cessary severity and absolute cruelty,
and the boys grew worse every day.
But when he was at his wit's end, and
seriously thinking of running away
and losing all his back salary rather
than stay another day at the school,
he read this incident, and it gave his
troubled mind new light. He treas-
ured it up, and thought it might help
him.

He had treasured it up probably
half a day, when, one bright June
afternoon, Samuel Johnson, the big-
gest and strongest and worst of all
the big bad boys, violated all the
rules of the school, one after another,
as fast as he could think of them, and
wound up by tearing seven leaves out
of his geography. These he crammed
into his mouth, and when he had
chewed them into a pulp, he took the
"wad" in his hand and propelled the
whole mass with great violence into
the ear of Ellis Haskell, who, though
also big and bad—a little bad—was
not possessed of sufficient presence
of mind to look calm and unconscious
under this avalanche, merely because
the eye of his teacher was upon him,
and he accordingly signified his very
natural dismay and astonishment by
a tremendous howl.

And all the school howled in re-
sponsive chorus. Not only because
the scholars were delighted to see
Ellis Haskell with his labored ear
full of paper mache, as though he
were going to take a cast of it for the
physiology class, but also because
they knew the teacher would prom-
ptly and without any further ceremony
or formality give "Teemuch" John-
son a benefit; to wit, a most awful
and dreadful "lickin'." And this, be-
ing a pleasant change from the mo-
notonous routine of study and recita-
tion, was always hailed with dem-
onstrations of great joy by the pu-
pils.

Mr. Stoddard called Samuel John-
son up to his desk, and more calmly
than was his custom under such cir-
cumstances, told him to go out and
bring in a switch. The pupils noticed
there was something unusually gen-
tle in the teacher's manner, and it
struck Samuel Johnson very forcibly
that it was certainly very much out
of the ordinary method of procedure
for the culprit to be accorded the
privilege of cutting his own switch.
But he was not the boy who would fail

to appreciate and make the best use
of his privileges and opportunities.
So he did not idly waste his time, but
presently returned with a very peace-
ful looking switch indeed—a switch
apparently far gone in the stages of
consumption—the sickest switch!

"Now," said Mr. Stoddard, with a
gentle, compassionate intonation, "strike me."
Samuel Johnson, who had already
begun to unbutton his own jacket,
opened his mouth wide, and all the
school stared in speechless amaze-
ment. Mr. Stoddard calmly repeated
his order. He thought he could see
the "new set of muscles" beginning to
work. "Some one," he said—and a
woman could not have spoken more
tenderly—"some one must suffer for
the infraction of the rules. I do not
punish any of you for any pleasure it
gives me to see you suffer. I do it
because justice demands it. Some
one must be punished, and I will suf-
fer chastisement in your stead." The
teacher saw "new light spring up" in
Samuel Johnson's countenance. The
boy looked at his teacher and then at
his switch. The teacher could see a
struggle begin in the face. Presently
the tears sprang to Samuel John-
son's eyes, and he said, in a voice suf-
fused with anxiety: "Hadin' I better
go out and get a bigger switch?"

The teacher softly told him he
might do so if he wished, and Samuel
Johnson went out and was gone ten
minutes—long, anxious, quiet,
wondering minutes. When he re-
turned the school smiled. He carried
in his hand a switch that looked like
a Russian peace commissioner. He
had cut it out of an Osage hedge, and
when he held it where the sunlight
could fall upon it, it looked wickedly
like John Morrissey's fat parlor. It
was about seven feet long, an inch
and three-quarters thick at the butt,
and was limber and twisted, and had
knots and knobs clear down to the
point. The boy's face shone with a
bright glow of conscientious satisfac-
tion as he balanced this switch, and
drew it through his hard, muscular
hands.

Mr. Stoddard stood up and folded
his arms. Then he said, with a sad,
sweet look at the culprit: "Now
strike me." The school just sat still
and held its breath.
Samuel Johnson did not act in
greedy and unseemly haste, as though
he were meanly and wickedly glad to
have the opportunity of hitting his
dear teacher. He conducted himself
like a boy who has a painful duty to
perform, but is impelled by conscien-
tious motives to perform it thorowly.
He pulled off his jacket; he rolled
up his sleeves; he spat on his hands
and took a two-handed grasp on the
switch. Twice he changed the posi-
tion of his feet to get a better brace.
Then he drew a long deep breath,
raised his arms, and the switch just
struck through the air like a mad,
living thing.

Old Mr. Hargis, the senior
director, who lives only a mile and a
half away from the schoolhouse, says
he was out in the field plowing, and
when Mr. Stoddard let off his first
yell the old man's first impression
was that the school house had been
struck by lightning. The clear sky,
however, disproved this theory; and
next time the teacher shouted, the
director was convinced that a steam-
boat had gone astray, and was whist-
ling for a landing somewhere up the
creek. While he was trying to hold
his frightened horses, another volley
of sound came sweeping over the
land like a vocal cyclone, and old Mr.
Nitengale, who had been deaf twenty-
three years, came running over, and
said he believed they were fighting
down at the quarries. By this time
they were joined by the rest of the
neighbors, and the excited population
went thronging on toward the school-
house.

In accepting Mr. Stoddard's resig-
nation the directors considerably al-
lowed his pay for the full term, and,
in a series of complimentary resolu-
tions, spoke of his efficiency in the
highest terms, although it transpired
that the board was privately agreed,
after all the facts had been laid be-
fore it, that he was too much of a
"natural-born fool" to suit a practical
locality. Mr. Stoddard is not teach-
ing anywhere this summer. He told
his landlady that he needed rest, and
that good-hearted old investigating
committee was amazed to discover
that Mr. Stoddard rested, and even
went to bed, by leaning up, face
foremost, against the mantel-piece in
his room.—R. J. Burdette, in Western
Farmer's Almanac.

Quick Work.
People often talk about the law's
delays, and it is because the plaintiff
does not go to work right. Yesterday
morning a Detroit tailor sent out a
bill. In half an hour he had word to
go to Texas. In fifteen minutes more
he had begun suit. At 11 o'clock he
had a judgment in full, and before
noon he was found doubled up over
a chair in his shop, both eyes in
mourning, his nose bleeding, and his
mind so confused that he could only
remember of seeing the defendant's
coat tails as he went out doors.—De-
troit Free Press.

Out in the Rain.

There is a touching story of the fa-
mous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has
had an influence on many a boy who
has heard it. Samuel's father, Mi-
chael Johnson, was a poor bookseller
in Litchfield, England. On market-
days he used to carry a package of
books to the village of Uxoteter, and
sell them from a stall in the market-
place. One day the bookseller was
sick, and asked his son to go and sell
the books in his place. Samuel, from
a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson be-
came the celebrated author, the com-
piler of the English Dictionary, and
one of the most distinguished schol-
ars in England, but he never forgot
his act of unkindness toward his poor
hard toiling father; so when he visit-
ed Uxoteter, he determined to show
his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market place at
the time of business, uncovered his
head, and stood there for an hour in
a pouring rain, on the very spot
where the book-stall used to stand.
"This," he says, "was an act of con-
tempt for my disobedience to my
kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. John-
son standing bareheaded in the storm
to atone for the wrong done by him
fifty years before, is a grand and
touching one. There is a representa-
tion of it (in marble) on the Doctor's
monument.

Many a man in after life has felt
something harder and heavier than a
storm of rain beating upon his heart
when he remembered his acts of un-
kindness to a good father or mother
now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the
eminent writer, never could forget
how, when his old father was very
sick, and sent him away for medicine,
he (a little lad) had been unwilling to
go, and made up a lie that the
druggist had not got any such med-
icine.

The old man was just dying when
little Johnny came in, and said to
him, "My boy, your father suffers
great pain for want of that medi-
cine."
Johnny started in great distress for
the medicine, but it was too late. The
father, on his return, was almost
gone. He could only say to the weep-
ing boy:

"Love God, and always speak the
truth, for the eye of God is always
upon you. Now kiss me once more,
and farewell!"

Through all his after life Dr. Todd
often had a heartache over that act
of falsehood and disobedience to his
dying father. It takes more than a
shower of rain to wash away the
memory of such sins. Dr. Todd re-
pent of that sin a thousand times.
The words, "Honor thy father and
thy mother," mean four things—
always do what thy father says, always
tell him the truth, always treat them
lovingly, and take care of them when
they are sick or grown old. I never
yet knew a boy who trampled on the
wishes of his parents who turned out
well. God never blesses a wilfully
disobedient son.

When Geo. Washington was sixteen
years old he determined to leave
home and be a midshipman in the
Colonial navy. After he had sent off
his trunk he went in to bid his moth-
er good-bye. She wept so bitterly
because he was going away that he
sought to his negro servant, "Bring my
trunk back; I am not going to make
my mother suffer so by my leaving her."

He remained at home to please his
mother. This decision led to his be-
coming a surveyor, and afterward a
soldier. His whole glorious career in
life turned on this one simple act of
trying to make his mother happy.

And happy too, will be the child who
loves them the truth, always treat them
lovingly, and take care of them when
they are sick or grown old. I never
yet knew a boy who trampled on the
wishes of his parents who turned out
well. God never blesses a wilfully
disobedient son.

The Colored Man's Reply.
During the session of the Louisi-
ana constitutional convention, a col-
ored delegate named Allin made a
forceful speech in opposition to a re-
solution abolishing the office of Su-
perintendent of Public Instruction.
When he closed, a prominent ex-
slaveholder offered a resolution of
derision, and asked that it be printed
in all the modern languages, etc. To
this the colored man responded in the
following words: "Mr. Chair-
man, I was formerly a slave. The re-
sults of the war emancipated me, and
simultaneously placed me under the
obligation of fitting myself to
discharge the duties of citizenship.
While the gentleman from Orleans
was perfecting himself in all these
languages to which he refers, I was
picking cotton. The years that I
spent in picking cotton he devoted to
his moral and intellectual improve-
ment; yet I think I may be pardoned
for saying that he might have put his
varied accomplishments to a more
creditable use than in thus striving
to ridicule and deride me in my ef-
forts to promote an end I consider
right and proper." Intelligent readers
will easily determine which of the
two is most entitled to credit and re-
spect.

"SA-LUTING THE BRIDE."

A Groom Who Had no Intention of Be-
ing Slighted.
(Detroit Free Press.)

There was a marriage at the upper
end of the Detroit, Lansing & North-
ern road the other day. A great big
chap, almost able to throw a car-load
of lumber off the track, fell in love
with a widow who was cooking for
the hands in a saw mill, and after a
week's acquaintance they were mar-
ried. The boys around the mill lent
William three calico shirts, a dress
coat and a pair of white pants, and
chipped in a purse of about \$20, and
the couple started for Detroit on a
wedding tour within an hour after be-
ing married.

"This 'ere lady," explained William,
as the conductor came along for tick-
ets, "are my bride. Just spliced fifty-
six minutes ago. Cost \$2, but darn
the cost! She is a lily of the valley,
Mary is, and I'm the right bower in a
new pack of keards, conductor, salute
the bride!"

The conductor hesitated. The bride
had freckles and wrinkles and a tur-
nup nose, and kissing the bride was no
glorification.

"Conductor, salute the bride, or
look out for tornados!" continued
William, as he rose up and shed his
coat.

The conductor saluted. It was
the best thing he could do just then.
"I never did try to put on style be-
fore," muttered William, "but I'm
bound to see this thing through if I
have to fight all Michigan. These
'ere passengers had got to come to the
chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked
down the aisle, waved his hand to
command attention, and said:
"I've just been married; over there
sits the bride. Anybody who wants
to salute the bride kin now do so.
Anybody who don't want to do so
will have cause to believe that a tree
fell on him."

One by one the men walked up and
kissed the widow, until only one was
left. He was asleep. William reached
over and lifted him into a sitting po-
sition at one movement, and com-
manded:
"Are ye goin' to dust over thar and
kiss the bride?"

"Blast your bride, and you, too,"
growled the passenger.
William drew him over the back of
the seat, laid him down to the aisle,
tied his legs in a knot, and was mak-
ing a bundle of him just of a size to
go through the window, when the
man caved and went over and saluted.

"Now, then," said William, as he
put on his coat, "this bridal tower
will be resumed as usual, and if Mary
and me git to squeeze'nd hands or lay
heads on each other's shoulders, I
shall demand who laughed about it,
and I'll make him imagine that I'm
a hull barn full of the biggest kind
of saw logs, and more comin' down
on the next rise. Now, Mary, hitch
along and let me git my arm around ye."

The Man from the Star Car.

Davenport News.
A couple were occupying a middle
seat in the hall car, having got on
at a way station. Probably attracted
by the invisible fascination which
never fails to bring about a contre-
temps, a gentleman from a rear car
came in and took a seat immediately
behind the pair. There was a shock
of surprise as his eyes first fell upon
them, and a deathly pallor overspread
his countenance, but this was for an
instant only. Then a flush succeeded
and a queer smile began to play
around the corners of his ret, deter-
mined lips. An hour passed. The
bidding and cooing went on, and the
man was a patient, and evidently an
interested listener. The people in
the car began to perceive that some-
thing unusual was going on. Finally
the man leaned forward with that
peculiar smile still hovering about his
lips, and said:

"I beg your pardon, but you seem
to be enjoying yourselves immensely."
The lady rose with a stifled scream,
and wheeling around confronted the
stranger with a pallid face and great
staring eyes. Her companion was no
less disconcerted. He, too, had risen
to his feet, and stood uneasily looking
at the intruder, flushed and paling by
turns.

"My God, it has come at last!"
wailed the woman.
The stranger was cool and imper-
turbable.

"You did not expect to see me, did
you?"
"Heaven knows I did not!" ex-
claimed the lady, from whose eyes
the tears had already begun to
trickle.

"Well, it's not unusual. People
often meet under peculiar circum-
stances. I suppose you are on your
bridal tour?"

The lady covered her face with her
hands and sank back into her seat.
She had already begun to sob hyster-
ically.

"I happened along this way by mere
chance," continued the stranger. "I
am going west to Leadville, I thought
that I would try to do something for
the children, inasmuch as you have

left us. But I trust you will not let
this accidental meeting disturb your
enjoyment."

The woman was moaning in al-jet
misery.
"I wish you all sorts of happiness,
and will no longer intrude upon you.
This, ladies and gentlemen," facing
around to the spectators, "is my run-
away wife and her lover. They are
very nice people;" and then turning
away he stalked out, leaving the
guilty couple alone in their humili-
ation and shame. At the next station
they quit the train.

**The Bashful Poet and the Knowing
Young Newspaper Man.**
(Barrington Hawkeye.)

Every body could tell what he had.
Every man in the sanctum knew in a
minute. The timid knock at the
door gave him clear away at the very
start. No man or woman ever
knocked at a sanctum door unless he
comes on that fatal errand. Then he
came inside and took off his hat and
bowed all round the room, when
every man on the staff roared out in
a terrible chorus, "Come in!" Then
he asked for the editor, and when the
underlings, with a fine mingling of
truth and grammar, pointed to the
youngest and newest man in the of-
fice, and yelled, "That's him!" he
walked up to the young gentleman
designated, and before he could un-
roll his manuscript, we knew the sub-
ject of it, and a deep groan echoed
around the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the
editor.
"Yes, sir," said the poet; "a couple
of rapiers and a sonnet on the mar-
riage of my sister with an old college
friend."

"Old college friend, male or female,
young man?" asked the editor.
"Male, sir," said the young man.
"Said 'sir' every time, and every
time he said it all the young gentle-
man who personated the governor,
sulked. He looked severe.

"Any thing more, young man?" he
asked.
"Yes, sir," replied the infant Ten-
nyson; "a kind of an lily, and ode in-
scribed 'To My Lost Love.'"
"Love been lost very long, young
man?" asked the journalist, very
critically.

"Well, it's immaterial, that is,
stammered the young man; "it's in-
definite, it's—"
"Ever advertised for it?" asked the
reporter who was writing a puff for
Sib's tombstones, but he was in-
stantly frowned down.

"Any thing more?" asked the prin-
cipal interlocutor, "any thing more,
young man?"
"Yes, sir," was the hopeful re-
sponse, "a threnody in memory of
my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only
gone to Starvation?"
"Dead, sir."

"Your own brother?"
"No, sir, I never had a real broth-
er; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man,"
was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to
find acceptance with the Hawkeye,
must be true. Have to reject that
threnody, not because it is not very
beautiful, but because it is not true.
Now, how much do you want for
these others?" And he fingered them
over like a man buying milk skins.

The poet really didn't know. He
had never published before; he had
barely dared hope to have his verses
published at all. A few copies of the
papers containing them, he was
sure—

"Oh, no, sir," the editor broke in, "oh,
no, sir, we can't do that; we don't
do business that way; if a poem or
sketch is worth publishing, it is worth
paying for. Would \$15 pay you
for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with
gratitude, and the young journalist
graciously wrote an order and handed
it to the poet.

"Take that to the court-house," he
said, "and the auditor's clerk will give
you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and
with great merit the journalists
burned his poems and resumed their
work.
That wasn't the funny part of it,
however. The next day the simple-
minded poet presented his order to
the clerk designated. And it was so
that the clerk owed the paper \$18 for
subscription and advertising, and he
promptly cashed the order and turned
it in when his bill was presented, and
the manager just charged it to the
salary account of the smart young
journalist who signed the order, and
the hapless man and the maddest
man in America are living in Barrin-
ton. One of them is a happy, green
unspotted young machine poet,
and the other a wide-awake, got up
and snuff, know the world, get-up-and-
stir young journalist, who is already
a rival of Horace Greeley in some of
the verbal departments of journalism.

The Boy Goethe's Duel.

There was a war at one time be-
tween Germany and France, and for
two or three years the French had
possession of the old town where the
Goethes lived. A French count was
placed in their house—billed on them,
as soldiers say—and though the
boy Goethe was angry with the
French for invading his country, he
very much liked this count, who took
a fancy to the boy, and had him with
him a great deal. The count was a
patron of artists, and bought a great
many pictures, and from him Goethe
obtained his first knowledge of art.
This Frenchman introduced the boy
to other French people, and Wolf-
gang thus learned the language per-
fectly. He also learned some other
things, as the following anecdote will
show: He became quite intimate
with a French boy, D. rones, who pre-
tended to have been engaged in a
great many duels—"affairs of honor,"
he called them. One day he told
young Goethe that he had insulted
him, and at once challenged him to a
duel. Goethe had heard Derones
talk so much about these "affairs,"
that he was eager to engage in one.
So, you can imagine the little lad,
aged twelve, arrayed in a boy's dress
of that day, with shoes and silver
buckles, fine woolen stockings, dark
serge breeches, green coat with gold
facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth cut
long, and a pair of white pants, and
under his arm, and a little sword with
silk sword knot. He stood opposite
Derones; swords clashed, and the
thrusts came quick upon each other;
when, finally, Derones managed to
get the point of his weapon into
Goethe's sword-knot, and that ended
the combat. Then the two boys em-
braced each other, and retired to a
restaurant to refresh themselves with
a glass of a good milk.—St. Nicholas
for February.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.